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HISTORY  
OF THE  
CLASS OF NINETY-FOUR.

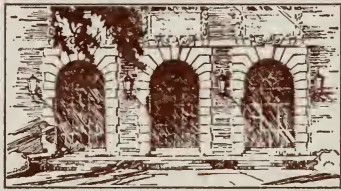
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PRINCETON UNIVERSITY.


*George H. Loring*

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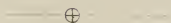
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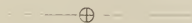
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HISTORY  
OF  
The Class of '94  
OF  
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY.



BY  
JOHN MCGILL WHITE, PENNSYLVANIA,  
ROBERT PERKINS JACK, ILLINOIS,  
HISTORIANS.



PHILADELPHIA :  
PRESS OF ALLEN, LANE & SCOTT.  
1894.



C  
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TO THE  
MEMBERS OF THE  
WIDELY-REOWNED AND  
EVERGLORIOUS CLASS OF 'NINETY-FOUR,  
THEIR CHILDREN AND THEIR CHILDREN'S CHILDREN,  
YEA, EVEN UNTO THE THIRD AND FOURTH  
GENERATION, THIS BOOK IS  
AFFECTIONATELY  
DEDICATED.

9 Howe





# CHAPTER I.



FRESHMAN YEAR.



## FRESHMAN YEAR.

As is recorded in the annals of this venerable institution, Princeton never opened more auspiciously than on that Wednesday in the middle of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety. This is the usual sentiment employed in such publications as the one upon which we are engaged, and there is no reason why we should not start out in lines conforming to immemorial usage and the custom of the community.

But really we were a noble lot ! Two hundred and fifty did we number in our ranks, of all ages, sizes, and consistencies ; from the big guns direct from the great preparatory schools to the harmless little youths from the far West and sunny South. A few favored ones, blessed by the Fates and endowed with an abundance of brains, were in that blissful state known as “unconditioned ;” many, many more, alas ! had those gentle reminders of the entrance examinations, granted them by the Faculty, which are signified by a star in the catalogue ; while a small band of wretched mortals were “on trial.” Of this latter category let it suffice to say that the aforesaid trials had a way of turning out unfavorably for the defendants, and we missed from time to time one and another of them from our midst, whose fathers were unwilling to have them linger here, but needed them at home to help run the business.

Gaddy Drake, Eads Andrews, and Ed Wright were the first men on the ground. Gaddy has always asserted that he came on early to get out all the base-ball material in the Class, and that Eads and Ed were his assistants. Some of the fellows still believe that this "big 3" in base-ball circles were laboring under conditions, though perhaps the word "labor" is not the proper term to use for their mental exercises. They were rooming up in Carpenter's until College opened, and had nightly receptions for all the Sophomores in town.

On the Saturday before College opened, Grier and Herb Fisher drifted into town, having come on direct from "Peory," Illinois. Grier always did like to get an early start, and so arrived in town four days ahead of time. These two had also engaged rooms at Carpenter's, and were warmly welcomed by the base-ball magnates; Ed Wright informing them that he'd been playin' centre field now for six years, and had a cinch on de 'Varsity. "Didn't have an error all last season. See!"

Sunday evening, about ten o'clock, Gaddy dropped in on Fish and Grier, and extended them a cordial invitation to join in a little game of poker.

Now Fish is a long-suffering youth, of even temper and few words, but the idea of playing poker on Sunday evenings was just one more than he could stand. Rising up in his dignity to a full five feet eight, and putting a ministerial look upon his countenance, he proceeded to read Gaddy a sermon upon the evils of gambling and the sacred-

ness of the Sabbath, which has never been forgotten by the favored few that were present, and which might serve as a type for many a discourse in Marquand Chapel.

Little Tommie Thompson was in town among the foremost, and gave us all graphic accounts of the foot-ball giants and base-ball fiends and mighty track athletes who were entering. We all looked upon Tommie as one speaking with authority, thinking that he *must* have inside tips from all the big men in the nation.

But somehow or other very few of his mighty men of valor ever materialized. Ernie Ramsdell was to him a little tin god, and when his idol would stop to speak to him on the campus he was the proudest man in "New Jersee."

Dowkontt also favored Princeton during this period, busy, as usual, in taking examinations. In the two years which "Dook" tarried with us, he probably acquired a better knowledge of our examination system than any man in existence except Billy Meredith.

Monday brought with it a sample of nasty weather, and incidentally a large number of would-be Freshmen, while by the Wednesday upon which College opened the great bulk of our Class had appeared. And, truly, we were a queer assortment. David Paul Burleigh Conkling, with five trunks, a valet, and a hound dog, came on the same train with "Farmer" McCauley from up in York State, who swore he wouldn't pay no nigger two shillin's to lug his carpet-bag a furlong. Our well-beloved "Adonis" Jenney marched up University Place with "Blue Jeans"

Dickey, arm in arm.' The two had "preped" at that quiet little school up at Kingston, and had intended to be bosom companions, room-mates, and everything else that is nice; but Dick soon discovered that Jen wasn't the innocent boy that he once knew, for he began to run with Jack Bushnell and Harold McMillan, and finally acquired the cigarette habit. Alas! how have the mighty fallen!

There was Billy Fisk from Massachusetts and Ed Russell from California; "Mistah Peppah" from the South and Bill Doty, the breezy Chicagoan. From Egypt, from India, from Ireland, from Philadelphia, and from the uttermost parts of the earth were we gathered to spend a short four years within these classic shades.

But perhaps the biggest men in our Class in those early days were the "two Riggsses." They were followed through campus and street by a throng of admirers, who sang their praises long and loud. Within two days we all knew that Harry was the one with the scar under his chin and Frank was the other. Thomas, the third Riggs, completed the outfit. He was from Washington and was related to the twins. Taken altogether, the Riggsses were at first a terror to Sophomores, for they came of a long line of scrappers and had licked everybody in Baltimore.

It was announced that there would be a meeting of the Class on Wednesday noon for the election of officers.

It was right here that the "Riggs gang" began that foxy work which has made them so famous. Couriers were sent riding post haste through the town to warn us of the

grasping nature of the Lawrenceville crowd, who were banded together with the aim of swiping all the offices. "There are forty or fifty Lawrenceville men in the Class. Do not let them rule five times their number. Let us not submit, but stick together and turn them down." This was their message.

When the meeting was assembled the old chapel, pretty comfortably filled, resounded with the shouts of opposing factions and with the cat-calls of the terrible Sophomores, who kept up a continual disturbance from without.

We were addressed by members of 'Ninety-two, who took a fatherly interest in our attempts to be collegians, and told us everything that we ought to do, in this respect differing widely from 'Ninety-three, who made us aware of the fact that we must not do anything except what they told us was allowable and customary.

When it came for nomination for President everybody who had a friend nominated him; and they do say that Rankin nominated himself, though he rejects the insinuation with scorn. We called for the candidates to show themselves, and so about fifteen of our choicest spirits stepped up on the platform.

They were a goodly lot to look upon, but the real contest lay between Tom Bailey and Harry Riggs. Now we all liked Tom's looks. He had a noble brow, a bulging chest, and a sweet smile. He wore good clothes, and yet withal was no "New York dude." He was dignified—dignity personified; but Tom would never pass a class-mate

without a kind word or gentle look. But he was from Lawrenceville, and belonged to the arrogant crew who wanted to run the Class, and so we would not be swayed by appearances, but voted for the other man.

Ernie Ramsdell, Billy Meredith, and Joe Guffy were appointed a committee to run athletics, and after Gaddy Drake had led cheers for 'Ninety-two, 'Ninety-four, our President, our athletic committee, and a few others, we proceeded to adjourn.

This was the most difficult part of the entire meeting, as the whole Sophomore Class was lined up in front of the doors to give us a warm reception. With hats in pockets and clenched fists we burst them asunder and skipped to our rooms, pursued by a howling mob.

That afternoon the Class came out for base-ball practice. The collective term is used, because every man in the Class except Wailes, who had to study, and Dick Streit, who was afraid the Sophs would chase him, put in an appearance. Most of us couldn't catch a balloon, but of course that made little difference. The selection was made upon strictly impartial lines, for only those who had full suits were asked to practice again. Chip McKenzie didn't have a ball suit at that time, and though he knew how to play the game fairly well, he couldn't make the team until the Spring. Our team was a glorious aggregation! They succeeded in losing three games out of a possible three, thus having an average of one thousand.

We did not mind being beaten by 'Ninety-one and



'Ninety-two, as it was only proper that we should succumb to the upper classmen, but the defeat at the hands of 'Ninety-three was galling, as some of us had already obtained an intimate acquaintance with them, and were led to believe that they were unkind as a rule, in not appreciating our dignity as Undergraduates.

The game itself was a very pretty exhibition of fine playing, and it would have gone down to posterity if the score had only been reversed. Still, as Van Benthuyzen said afterwards, "The score, four to one, evidences that the contest was both close and exciting. It was, on the whole, a highly creditable performance." This verdict was announced to the team, with the result of bringing back consolation to their hearts. They knew the Class sympathized with them.

Our nine was as follows:—

DRAKE . . . . .	Pitcher.
HUMPHREY . . . . .	Catcher.
YOUNG . . . . .	First base.
ANDREWS . . . . .	Second base.
CHAMBERLAIN . . . . .	Third base.
RAMSDELL . . . . .	Short stop.
SPOONER (captain) . . . . .	Left field.
WRIGHT . . . . .	Centre field.
COPPEL . . . . .	Right field.

Of course horse-play was the order of the day, and while as Freshmen we were harmless, as it behooved us to be, it by no means follows that we were noiseless. We had been practicing cheering on the quiet, and so made a very

respectable volume of sound, in which one could easily tell that we were all trying to yell the same thing.

There were one or two unpleasant incidents which marred the serenity of the game. Phil King, who was playing second base for the Sophomores, was jeered at by some of our bolder spirits as he stepped out on the field. He at once stopped, approached the bleachers, and cordially invited the man who spoke to him to step down and have it out, for the honor of their respective classes.

About this time it was an impossibility to find out who had said anything to the gentleman. Harry Riggs could not go, as he was our President, and Frank would not, lest people should take him for Harry. In either case the dignity of 'Ninety-four would be lowered. All the big men in the Class discovered that they were in training for the foot-ball team, and the little men were unwilling to push themselves into a place of too much prominence. The disturbance was finally pacified by Bill Leggitt.

The Sophomores had been very active ever since the opening of College. In fact, Ninety-three was probably as energetic a class along certain lines as ever existed. One of the branches, in which they were particularly expert, was hazing. They certainly were a bold, bad lot, and kept at us remorselessly until nearly the middle of November. Taking off our hats upon meeting a Sophomore got to be a second nature with us. We expected to be shoved into the gutter if there was a gutter within ten yards. Nearly all of us got into some kind of trouble or another. "Brick"

Turner, from Iowa, was one of the first to make himself notorious. He was overtaken one afternoon soon after College opened, on Nassau Street, by a crowd of a dozen or more of our tormentors, and requested to step into Hankins' and set up the cigars. "Brick" didn't say a word, neither did he move, but stuck that massive lower jaw of his into the air, and was suffused as to his countenance with a broad grin. There is something tantalizing about that face of Turner's when he indulges in one of these contortions, and it angered the Sophomores. To use plain language, they were mad. One little fellow, relying in the strength of numbers, approached the poor Freshman in a menacing attitude, and was smote upon the face for his trouble. How "Brick" escaped from that crowd he has never been able to explain, but fifteen minutes later a red-headed youth was to be seen fleeing across the campus coatless, vestless, collarless, suspenderless, "*et cetera ad infinitum*."

"Curley" Curran and "Dog" Blair were escorted one fine evening down to the canal by one gang, where they were compelled to do the "coon and dog" act. Curran, the coon, was pushed up a big tree, while Blair barked around its base, upon the ground. Finally the boys were asked to sing a duet, and on their complying their persecutors fled in terror, and the moon hid behind a dark cloud, leaving them to flounder through the swamps in the darkness. The same night another crowd were taken out to the water-tower and put through all sorts of antics. Jim Gibson was shut up in the man-hole and fainted from sheer fright.

Aroused and outraged by this treatment the Freshmen were only too willing for the big rush which occurred late in September.

The Class began to gather one dark night upon Nassau Street, and by eight o'clock nearly one hundred and seventy of us were lined up, four abreast, with interlocked arms. We marched down Nassau Street, and coming around the scientific building saw our enemies drawn up in battle-array behind "Old North." We could restrain our pent-up feelings no longer, and with a yell hurled our human battering ram at their ranks. Their proceedings were similar in every respect, and the two bands crashed together. The first two or three ranks on both were shot up into the air by the force of the compact, and came down in one big heap, slugging and kicking friend or foe indiscriminately. Then we had a short breathing spell, for the proctors jumped in to ascertain the casualties. Big Koehler, who had been in our front rank, was lugged out and taken home with a twisted knee, and a couple of Sophomores were disabled. Then the scrap went merrily on. There was no order or discipline after this first rush. Everybody ran around the cannon, hitting everybody else, for about half an hour, till we were all bruised and battered and choked with dust, but 'Ninety-four was left in possession of the field.

On the following day black eyes were visible in abundance, and raw beef-steak was at a premium.

Foot-ball now began to attract our attention. Our Class did not contribute a very large number to the 'Varsity

squad, but in this instance it was a case of quality, not quantity.

First and foremost, according to the *Princetonian*, was Sherrill McWilliams, profanely known as "Skinny." He was thought to be a coming wonder, an infant prodigy. Great throngs used to journey down to the field every noon to see Mac coached by Hector Cowan and Jesse Riggs. But our hopes were soon cast down, as our pet withdrew his support from the Association, on the grounds that football was a brutal game and should not be encouraged. Dowkontt was a stocky, muscular fellow, but soon dropped back on the scrub. He was supposed to believe that the game should be played with the feet, not the head. Laboring under this delusion, he was not a howling success at first, though he made rapid progress after he was undeceived. Billy Meredith also took a shot at 'Varsity honors, but missed it. Our Class team organized with "Chip" McKenzie as captain, and lined up as follows:—

CHAMBERLAIN . . . . .	Left end.
H. RIGGS . . . . .	Left tackle.
DOWKONTT . . . . .	Left guard.
F. RIGGS . . . . .	Centre.
THOMPSON . . . . .	Right guard.
FARNUM . . . . .	Right tackle.
McKENZIE (captain) . . . .	Right end.
DUFF . . . . .	Quarter-back.
MEREDITH . . . . .	Left half-back.
DUSENBERRY . . . . .	Right half-back.
DRAKE . . . . .	Full-back.

They played Hill School, Pennington, and the Freshmen teams of Lehigh and Columbia, winning all by generous margins.

Our 'Varsity, playing with varying success through the season, finally wound up the year by that terrible defeat at Eastern Park on November 27th, where Yale interred our hopes by a score of thirty-one to nothing.

The Fates were certainly unkind that day. Not content with giving Yale the victory, they caused a large open stand, filled with loyal Princetonians, to collapse. Many of our number were caught in this accident, though none were seriously injured. Ludington sprained his ankle slightly, and sent in a claim for doctor bills and twenty-five dollars a week damages for the time he was obliged to be absent from recitations. An ordinary individual would never believe that Lud got twenty-five dollars a week out of the Greek, Latin, and Mathematics we had in Freshman year, but the Eastern Park Association, from Lud's letters, no doubt, judged he was some professor high in authority and paid his claim without a murmur.

All this Fall our Class Glee and Banjo Clubs had been practicing.

The Glee Club, under the efficient leadership of Bobby McDowell, worked night and day. To be sure, they could not sing very much, but then they were splendidly trained, and rendered "Cock Robin," "Forsaken," "Seeing Nellie Home," "Old Black Joe," and three or four other time-worn favorites in a manner which was very moving. At least that was the effect on the audiences.

The Banjo Club worked equally hard under Willet Spooner. There were about eight first banjos, two second banjos, and often as many as two guitars. Poller Havens nearly gave Spooner an attack of brain fever by appearing with a guitar strung up left-handed, the note on each fret being pasted in with newspaper. Spooner never could quite comprehend how Havens managed that instrument. After the practice was over our leader would scratch his head and with a chuckle ejaculate, "That's the gol darndest thing I ever seen." But soon the Faculty requested Spooner to depart, and a new leader was sought. The choice fell upon Alex Jenney, who carried on the work from this point. Jen had a great genius for arranging pieces. He would take a couple of old 'Varsity pieces, cut them in two, splice them together with a few chords, and then they would appear on the programme as "arranged by Jenney." "Dyke" Kellogg, who played second banjo, was a great cause of turmoil to the club. "Dyke" is very absent-minded, and often would go right on playing the same chord for half an hour, though the banjos had chased into five or six keys in the meantime. When asked why he had not kept awake, Dyke would manifest great surprise, and exclaim in an injured tone, "How in thunder do you expect me to climb all over my banjo, unless you tell me when to do it." Finally Conkling was deputed to sit next him and punch him at points where the harmony became close.

The organizations under the management of Jud Bailey



gave concerts in Kingston and Lawrenceville to large and enthusiastic audiences, as the *Princetonian* said.

At Kingston a good, old-fashioned country dinner was served, at which Tom Bailey and Chip McCampbell captured the hearts of the rustic maidens by their splendid table-manners. "Fat" McWilliams attracted general attention by his enormous abilities in getting away with chicken.

In going down to Lawrenceville Bob McDowell's stage broke down, and the Glee Club marched into the concert hall an hour late. It was a rainy night, so the boys had rolled up their trousers, and "Muck" Holmes, to the amusement of observers, came out on the platform for the first piece with his pantaloons hanging about six inches above his shoe-tops.

By this time we had been put through our divisional examinations, and were settled down to hard work, digging Greek roots for Dr. Cameron and extracting cube roots for Professor Fine.

The second classical division comprised the smart youths who wouldn't work, but who knew a good deal of Latin and Greek. There was Yorke Allen, Teddy Humphrey, McWilliams, Lou Reichnor, "Billy" Leggitt, Bob Lewis, and a lot more of that ilk—the worst crowd of horse-players in the Class.

It was this division which, in accordance with immemorial usage, secured Dr. Cameron's hat.

The Winter months at Princeton are the time when all the deviltry in the nature of the average student crops out.



Beginning after Thanksgiving, some of the boys struck a pretty rapid pace, and kept at it until Washington's Birthday, pausing only for Christmas holidays and the February examinations.

Harold McMillan's room, up in University, was constantly filled with a crowd ready for anything and everything.

Mrs. Goldie's house, on University Place, was headquarters for another select assortment. In this were Benny Benson, Ed Hammett, Tom Bowes, Harvey Young, Mandeville, and Jack Bridges.

Up in Carpenter's was the hanging-out place of another set. These were the quiet fellows, who didn't care to loaf around town at nights, but stayed in-doors and amused themselves by playing games. The poor Carpenters led a terrible existence that Winter. Morning after morning they would wake up to find themselves barred in their bedrooms, while the night was made hideous by all kinds of noises. Petrie and "Buck" Ewing arranged very ingeniously a magnificent horse-fiddle, fashioning it out of a dry-goods box and a bed slat. At all hours of the night this instrument would be played by unseen hands, emitting the most horrible moans imaginable. When Mr. Carpenter would ascend in scant attire to the upper regions, the fiddle would be secreted in a closet, and every one apparently enjoying the sleep of the just.

But Mr. Carpenter used to say, "I know that long-legged Dickey done it!"

The Winter months brought many evils, but of these two stand pre-eminent. First were our mid-year examinations. The Faculty always makes use of this occasion to weed out the class, and our numbers were carefully pruned. We lost about fifteen men, and many more were badly frightened. Those were the days in which the "crib" was omnipresent and omnipotent, and four or five 'Ninety-four men were past-masters of the art.

The second great evil which is worthy of notice was the snow. To Freshmen in Princeton the sight of the ground covered with a "beautiful white mantle" is a vision of terror, for it invariably melts within twenty-four hours, and then——!

There were men in the Class of 'Ninety-three who could throw the hardest snow-ball with the truest aim and the greatest speed, and this talent was not confined to few men, but their name was legion. Corners were no bar to them, doors did not stop them. It was the same old story, morning, noon, and night, and generally in the afternoon. Up and down Nassau Street were we chased, across the campus and far into the country. Wherever there was a Freshman, a snow-ball and a Sophomore would appear in close proximity, that is, unless the Freshman was a sprinter. It was a splendid training for our noble track athletes, though it was rather hard upon the candidates for honors in this line. The most terrible ordeal was getting into Dickinson Hall. We took our lives in our hands every time we went to a recitation, and yet received no extra credit from the Fac-

ulty. Even Frank McCune and P. P. Bliss were known to cut lectures about this time.

At last flesh and blood could stand it no longer, and we resolved to give the Sophomores some of their own medicine, and so Tom Bailey, President of the Class in place of H. Riggs (who had been elected to a temporary presidency, and held his office four months), sent word around that the snow-ball fight was to occur on the first favorable opportunity.

The weather and the Faculty were against us, and it was nearly a week before the snow was in good "packing" condition. But the afternoon of the day before our mid-year examination in algebra we sallied forth to do or be did. The fact that we had algebra the next day doubtless deterred many from coming out, and so when we were marshaled by the Juniors back of Halstead Observatory there were but one hundred and forty of us. The Sophomores were stationed upon the campus in front of Witherspoon, and as we sallied out to meet them each side raised a slogan and fell to with a will.

For a long time the victory hung in balance. Mac Thompson performed prodigies of valor, leading the old guard against the strong lines of the enemy. Upon the right wing "Bottle" White might be seen rolling over and over in a rough and tumble fight with an old-time enemy, while upon the left stood Ernie Ramsdell, placidly punching the heads of any who dared to approach. "Poller" Day was also showing his scrapping abilities, and "Muck" Lloyd was having lots of fun.

The battle was fought in a circle, and finally the Sophomores hemmed us in, in a compact mass, in front of Witherspoon, and, waiting until we had scraped the ground bare, charged upon us with the reserves.

Paul Burrill Jenkins dashed to the rescue with the rear-guard, but as he was exhorting his comrades to stand firm and die like men, a large ball of soft snow was flung into his mouth, completely choking his utterance. Paul has never gotten all that snow out yet !

This disabling of our rear-guard was our final catastrophe. We began an orderly retreat, carefully drawing in our outposts, but the charges of the enemy became more and more pressing. Our retreat was turned into a rout, our rout into a flight, our flight into a sneaking home through alleys and by-ways, chased by the victorious enemy.

The ground where the battle was fought was tramped bare, and here and there might be seen dark spots of blood, showing that many poor fellows had been smitten upon the nose.

The next day saw a large and varied collection of black eyes, swollen lips, and bruised faces, and we had the forlorn satisfaction of knowing that the wounds were not all upon our side.

After this, snow-balling went on as usual, and though we occasionally retaliated, we found it a costly experiment.

One afternoon late in March, Sill, who was rooming with Brodie up in the Carpenter mansion, espied a Sophomore passing below his window. Sill always was a reckless

youth, and without giving the matter two thoughts dropped a large square chunk of ice from the window upon the passer's head, and made good his retreat into a back room. Of course, a howling mob surrounded the house within thirty seconds, and while Sill hid himself in a closet, "Bottle" White entertained the visitors in the front room. A few sentiments in regard to Freshmen in general were uttered by the first comer, whereupon "Bot" arose in his might, grappled with the Sophomore, and threw him on the bed; but as it was his own bed, Bottle fell underneath, as the state of that bed's health was very delicate, and it might break down at any moment. While the matter was discussed by the rest of the household they lay thus, locked in each other's arms, until the controversy was amicably concluded.

Washington's Birthday, the last occasion upon which the animosity of the two lower classes breaks forth, passed in its usual fashion. The town and campus were patrolled by the Sophomores, and the Freshmen kept carefully within doors. A few banners were hoisted, but they came down by noon, before a large audience.

A 'Ninety-four flag was hoisted from Carpenter's by Brick Turner, and Sill, which led to the house being bombarded with stone. Mr. Carpenter threatened to shoot somebody, but the Sophomores were obdurate, and would not leave until the objectionable flag was removed.

Meanwhile the Junior Prom. brought a host of fair maidens down upon us, and gave our "society dukes" a chance to show their metal.

Bob Lewis, Conkling, Yorke Allen, Jenney, and Harold McMillan were about the only recruits from our Class.

John Dickinson and "Conk" are the true social leaders of our Class, but for some unexplained reason John could not go to this dance, though of course he has never missed one since.

The month of March passed rapidly, the sporting element having one or two big blow-outs, though they did it pretty quietly.

The last of the month brought with it the Easter recess, and gave the ball team a chance to get out doors. They had been practicing ever since the term began, and show their hard work by their games in April. Of course a number of the Class tried for the team. There was one vacant place, which Ed Wright quietly nabbed, leaving the rest out in the cold. Gaddy Drake was taken on as substitute pitcher, and Ernie Ramsdell made the team later in the season. Teddy Humphrey went down to the cage regularly every day for two months, and gave the 'Varsity men splendid practice. Hump used to play first base, and the way in which he was maltreated was heart-breaking. They tried to throw balls that he could not possibly catch. But Hump's great forte was in sliding bases. The way in which he would flop down upon his knees and then crawl carefully up to the base has been seldom equaled.

While the 'Varsity was getting into fine form our Class team was also developing good material. "Widow" Smith had been elected manager, and assessed the Class to such an

extent that our team rolled in wealth. They practiced in the morning in the cage under the tuition of "Varsity Peter."

The team, which played most of the season, was made up as follows:—

FORSYTH . . . . .	Pitcher.
HUMPHREY or OLIVER . . . . .	Catcher.
YOUNG . . . . .	First base.
ANDREWS . . . . .	Second base.
DUFF . . . . .	Short stop.
NEELY . . . . .	Third base.
GUFFEY (captain) . . . . .	Left field.
McKENZIE . . . . .	Centre field.
SICARD . . . . .	Right field.

McCullogh was the substitute in-fielder, and Ernie Ramsdell played third base until he was promoted to the 'Varsity.

Ed Oliver, on account of lameness, was able to play but little ball that season.

The team was very successful throughout the whole season, losing but two games, one to the Yale Freshmen and one to Lawrenceville, both by the score of six to four. They won from Hill School, Brooklyn Polytechnic, Westminster School, St. Luke's, and Lehigh Freshmen.

As had been said, "Widow" Smith was a splendid collector, and the team cleared \$100 during the season. What became of this money is a problem which has never been definitely solved. "Widow" swears that he bought every man on the team a new Spring suit, while others, who ought



to know, say it was used to take the manager down to Atlantic City the next Summer.

Meanwhile the track men were brought out and put through their paces, and our Class showed up in very fair shape. Dark hints were made as to how Ramsdell had jumped twenty-four feet and was improving every day. There were seven "Indians" from 'Ninety-four at the training-table that year, Sill, Ramsdell, Swain, Clark, "Whiskers" Smith, "Ap" Black, and Pat Farnum.

Of this outfit, George, now "Captain" Swain, is the only one who ever won a place for Princeton. "Reddy" Schmitt was also a fair quarter-miler if you can take in all he says about his own powers.

May brought with it a number of victories to the 'Varsity. We lost to Yale and Pennsylvania.

It was a lovely Spring we had that year, and we poor Freshmen made the best of it. It was so pleasant to sit around on the campus in the long Summer evenings, and, listening to the Seniors sing, think of that far distant day when we would sit in their places. It seemed a long way off, then.

But the unpleasant reality of the June examinations called us from our loafing to sit down and pole that awful grind of Greek, Latin, and mathematics. Our labors had been lightened somewhat, as we had pursued a most interesting course in chemistry under Dr. Schauck.

Examinations over we jerked our Class caps upon our heads and stalked around the campus, feeling every inch Sophomores.



Bob Lewis was the chairman of the committee who selected those caps, and at first Robert thought they were sweet. He doesn't like to have you ask him questions about them now, as his tastes have changed somewhat.

That Saturday night after we defeated Yale by the memorable score of five to three was a most joyous, most auspicious occasion, as Patterson would say.

It would seem as if many of our dear class-mates did upon that one evening look upon the wine when it was red. It was a grand celebration, and we carried wood in a manner which won for us the respect of the Alumni.

The fire was kept going till late at night, and at two o'clock the fun was at its height.

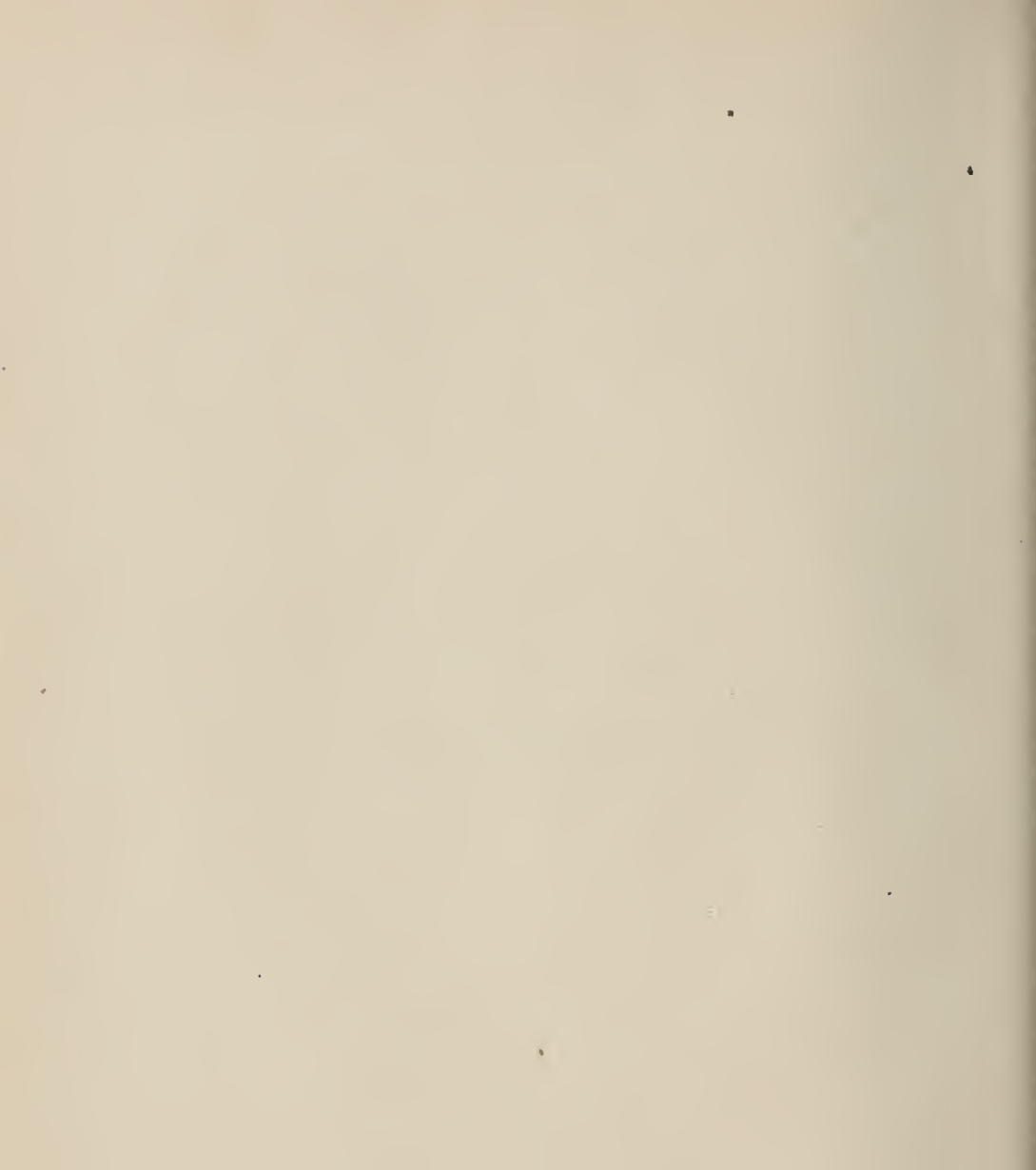
The next morning the hacks were loaded with crowds going Junction-wards, and the Freshman year of the Class of 'Ninety-four was all over, except the pleasant news that we beat Yale in the third game at New York by a score of five to two.



## CHAPTER II.



SOPHOMORE YEAR.



## SOPHOMORE YEAR.

On the twenty-third day of September College opened with a flourish.

Now that we were Sophomores, it was not such a necessity that we be back on time, and so it was some two weeks before the Class had all returned. We all had enjoyed the Summer, and came back prepared for a hard year's work. Some did not quite know whether the work was to be in the line of college duties, strictly speaking, or whether they were to devote their attention to taking care of the Freshmen, but all were going to labor for the glory of 'Ninety-four and Princeton.

Our experiences during the Summer had been many and varied. The society men reported numerous hearts smashed, and talked about Newport and Bar Harbor. Then there were the Nimrods, with tales of deer and wolves and bear that were actually hair-raising. Jim Blake's veracity had never been questioned before, but when he spoke of desperate encounters and thrilling escapes, and laid the scene of his adventures in the Adirondacks, even Larimore C. Denise, Jim's ardent admirer, looked askance and guessed that Jimmy was playin' him for a sucker.

Petrie, Muck Holmes, Patterson, Buck Ewing, Robbins, Cartwright, and Nixon, after taking in the Spring a course in

the etiquette of bookselling, had started out to make a tour of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, intending to dispose of a publication called "Manners, Culture, and Dress" by the wayside. They thought they had been guaranteed expenses and ten dollars a week salary, no matter how few books they sold; but their innocent belief in human goodness was soon dispelled when they found they were working on commission. Pete worked two weeks in this agreeable employment around Doylestown, Pennsylvania, and by hard *hustling* sold four books. He finally skipped the town when he was caught kissing his landlady's daughter.

Buck Ewing got stuck in Southern Pennsylvania, and had to walk home from Chambersburg to Harrisburg. Patterson worked six weeks and succeeded in making expenses. Old Nixon, with his gentle penetrating voice and insinuating manner, cleared a small fortune, while Robbins and "Cart" did fairly well. It was splendid experience for all the boys, and has taught them not to trust the fickleness of book concerns.

It took us some time to get acquainted with all the new members of our Class. There was Jack Wilkins, the man who is such a universal favorite with the ladies; Kip and Dice from Ohio; Harlow, Evans, and numerous others.

We had lost several men whom the Class could ill spare. Pete Hitchman, Joe Guffy, McLeod, Mandeville, the famous painter of the "Water-tower," Jack Bridges, and several more were with us no longer in an academic capacity.

But we made two acquisitions which more than overbalanced our losses, in the shape, or rather shapes, of Bills, Tower, and Sykes. "Eiffel" Tower was bequeathed us by 'Ninety-three, with which Class he had taken his Freshman year. He was obliged to stay out a year until his mental development caught up with his physical. Benjamin William McCready Sykes had already been admitted to the bar in New York, but coming down here the Spring before, he had been pleased with the appearance of the place, and finding that Dr. Patton agreed with him upon the broad lines of metaphysical *dicta*, decided to join our Class and make his fortune by swiping all the prizes within sight.

After Bill had been in Princeton four days he appeared in a pair of orange and black trousers which were the admiration of all beholders. Perhaps Bill's actions were a little arrogant for a "Fresh" Sophomore, or else it was his intense interest in everything that went on, which led him into trouble. At any rate the Juniors and Seniors decided that he knew a little bit too much about everything (for this man never specializes, he is a universal genius), and so the good William was put through a course of sprouts, which humbled his haughty spirit. He was made to plead imaginary cases before invisible juries, to sing, tell stories, set up the beers, and make himself generally useful and entertaining.

We have said nothing so far of the Freshmen, but they deserve considerable notice, as they were a sturdy lot, and gave us not a little anxiety before we subdued them to their

proper *status*. They held their Class meeting the Wednesday, and elected a temporary set of officers.

That night the annual rush occurred. It was the same old story, and once again did 'Ninety-four show her prowess and hold the cannon. Perhaps the fight was more severe than the one in which we had been engaged the year before. It was certainly a bitter struggle. Of course we had been warned collectively and as individuals against taking part in this barbarous custom, but we were on hand when the time came, and upheld the honor of our Class.

There were no fatal wounds received on either side, though Shorty Kennedy, who was lined up in our front rank, did break his knuckle in smiting some youth. "Short" has never been able to discover who the gentleman was who came in contact with his fist, but he is willing to bet his diploma against a ticket to the Lynde debate that the fellow wished he had stayed at home that evening. Brick Turner got into an argument with several Juniors who had mingled in the strife, and was upon the point of starting in to lick all 'Ninety-three, when his friends interfered and dragged him away.

The inter-class base-ball series began the Monday after College opened, and continued through the week. Our team lost the game with the Seniors, score, five to nothing, while the game with the Juniors was not played.

Of course the whole interest of the series was concentrated in our game with the Freshmen, which occurred on Saturday. This time we were the horse-players, and an ele-



gant appearance did we present. "Fat" McWilliams led the band, dressed in a tight-fitting costume, which showed his mammoth proportions to great advantage. Irish McClenahan was a close second in size and beauty of contour. Sykes appeared in the aforementioned orange and black trousers. It was a very enjoyable afternoon in all respects, being rendered more so by the fact that the game was ours, after an exciting contest; score, six to four.

Of course we had been warned long before this of the penalties which would be inflicted upon any one detected in hazing. Yet some of our fellows were rash enough to do a little of it on the sly. Our crowd was a terror to all Freshmen. There were Harvey Young, Tom Bowes, Ed Hammett, Ernie Ramsdell, Ed Wright, and a few more of that noble band who generally traveled together. Lou Reichnor was always taken along to play horse with the victim, and would worry him into a white heat of rage. If he was a big man, Lou would then slip quietly into the rear, and Tom Bowes and Harvey Young, those grim executors of the Sophomores' will, would lead him to the slaughter.

The Riggsses, with Rankin, George Williams, the two Kennedys, "Ap" Black, and Billy Meredith formed another small circle for the suppression of freshness, while Harold McMillan, Jenney, Bushnell, and the rest of the University Hall set were not too high and mighty to engage in the gentle pastime. Besides this, little independent crowds assisted in the business, so altogether we managed to keep

the ball rolling in a lively manner, and showed the Freshmen that we were able to take care of them.

At a meeting of the Class early in the term the following officers were elected for the year :—

President . . . . .	RALPH RAMSDELL,
Vice-President . . . . .	A. D. JENNEY,
Secretary and Treasurer .	W. G. WILSON,
Historian . . . . .	D. P. B. CONKLING.

“ Bill Nye ” Ramsdell at once stepped into office with a blowing of trumpets and a beating of cymbals. He divided the Class into sections and committees for the purpose of watching for Freshmen proclamations. For about ten days Bill had the whole Class sleeping out on the cold, cold ground, protected only by a pair of sweaters and a bottle of whisky.

Every road leading anywhere was patrolled by a band of stout youths, armed with immense clubs. The poor country people were terrified by our martial appearance, and locked their houses and barns against all intruders. General Ramsdell would visit the campus every night or so, and give us an encouraging word. Captain William Meredith and Lieutenant Chamberlain had, as usual picked out the best berth, and occupied a vacant passenger car at the Junction. One night when the captain with a corporal's guard was making his rounds he heard a wagon approaching. Billy jumped into the middle of the road shouting “ Halt! and give the countersign.” The farmer nearly

hauled his horse into the wagon and implored our amateur militia not to shoot. After giving the aged rustic a long lecture upon the dangers of being out so late at night our brave Willie let him go.

Somehow or other the Freshmen forgot to come out those chilly evenings in which the Class of 'Ninety-four was bivouacked in corn-fields and under bridges, and we accomplished nothing beyond chasing a few Juniors who came out for the express purpose of getting into trouble.

One night, just as we were giving up all hopes of ever discovering any "procs," a wagon was overhauled down by Evelyn, in which a couple of Juniors were found seated. They were very wroth at being held up by "last year's Freshmen," as they styled us. While they were expressing their views in carefully selected language, "Ap" Black, peering into the back of their wagon, discovered a bundle, which he at once assumed was the long-sought-for proclamations. Appius at once faked the package and started towards Princeton at a killing pace. The Juniors soon discovered their loss and gave chase, but Black, hardened by long training with the track team and the "University Harriers," struck his gait, and did the half-mile in to the campus in time he never afterwards equaled. Rushing up to his room, he locked the door, and opening the bundle found it to be a number of old New York papers!

To "Poller" Nixon and "Windy" Allen belong the honor of capturing the first procs. These two bosom companions were scouting down by the 'Varsity ground one

morning about five o'clock when they discovered two suspicious forms sneaking round a corner. They at once gave chase, and, overtaking them, recognized two bulky Freshmen, both members of the 'Varsity foot-ball squad. Nixon took away a bundle of proclamations from them and persuaded them both to go back to bed.

Meanwhile Bunyan Kirk Rankin and L. Irving Reichnor had been building our proclamation. It was artistically conceived and highly colored in tone and language, but hardly met with general approval. We pasted this all over the county one night with the same stealth and discretion that the Freshman had used. It stayed just one day. Brinkerhoff, thinking of the good old days when he used to room over Priest's drug-store, ornamented the side of that building with a proc., fastened on with glue and carefully shellacked. The next morning Mr. Priest might be seen out there in the cold trying to pick it off with a penknife.

Of course foot-ball occupied a large share of our attention that Fall. We could see that the team was stronger than it had been the year before. Our Class furnished a number of candidates for both 'Varsity and Scrub, and though they were not stars they were hard-working, careful players.

"Vic" Vincent had said one day along in the Spring that he intended to get on the 'Varsity next year. Of course we all thought Vincent was in fun, but as soon as the season opened he came out, and within five weeks was looked upon as the only possible man for right end. He did splendid work in all the big games, and at the close of the season

was considered one of the most promising end rushers in the country.

Jerry MacCauley came out for practice late in the Fall, and by Thanksgiving was a very acceptable first substitute end rusher.

As to the Scrub, it was composed almost entirely of 'Ninety-four men. Frank Riggs, MacCauley, Chamberlain, MacThompson, and Reddy Turner were all good "scrub" players.

Our hopes were exalted as the season advanced, and finally our victory over the University of Pennsylvania, by the splendid score of twenty-four to nothing, led us to believe that our chances against Yale were certainly bright.

When Thanksgiving at last arrived we journeyed up to New York to see our representatives fall before Yale's veterans. The game was much more exciting than the one we had seen the year before, and when the score stood nothing to nothing at the end of the first half our cheers rent the skies. But the second half brought a disastrous change and we succumbed.

Along in the middle of November the "cane-spree," which had gone out of favor with the Faculty, was rejuvenated.

We all knew that our chosen representatives were in training for the struggle, and so one night we were not surprised to receive the intelligence that the spree was to take place at ten o'clock in front of Witherspoon. At the stated

hour the whole College gathered upon the chosen ground, and a ring was formed in which the conflict was to occur.

We waited and waited, and then waited some more, until finally several muffled figures were brought out and the sport began. Most of us did not quite understand about the results, as the three sprees were declared a tie, but it was not until the next morning that we learned that the whole business was arranged by some fertile-minded Seniors.

The *bona fide* cane-sprees occurred a few days later upon the same spot. Our men were:—

BRICK TURNER . . . . . Light-weight.

CHIP MCKENZIE . . . . . Middle-weight.

DICK STREIT . . . . . Heavy-weight.

The men were carefully trained, as were their opponents, and a long and spirited spree was hoped for. At the last moment it was learned that "Chip" McKenzie had sprained his ankle, and so our chances were greatly lessened. Pat Farnum was called upon to take his place, and though he was nearly a green hand, he made a plucky fight, only giving in when he had been dragged some distance across the rough ground.

Turner quickly wrested his cane from his antagonist, partly by his dexterity, yet more by his reputation. He had a name of being a bad man to fool with, and when he came into position that night, with his massive jaw projecting and his carroty hair flying in all directions, he looked like a born prize-fighter.



Big Dick Streit and his opponent whiled away a tedious half hour by lying on the ground, and finally Dick's wind gave out, or, rather, he skinned his wrist, and had to yield.

Thus we lost two out of the three canes, the victory going to 'Ninety-five.

From Thanksgiving to Christmas is only a few weeks, and these passed rapidly by, leaving a few lone mortals to spend the holidays in Princeton, while the rest of us cleared out in all directions.

By this time hazing had nearly ceased, though every now and then we awakened to the fact that we were Sophomores.

Lou Reichnor persisted in making calls upon his Freshmen friends whenever he could get two big men to accompany him, and, with "Skinny" Rankin and the Riggs boys, he generally made his calls very notable. These four "R's"—Rankin, Reichnor, and the Riggs—knew every man in 'Ninety-five long before Thanksgiving.

After the holidays we came back to snow-balling and examinations. Many of the boys came on early, just to get their arms in shape before we began our bombardments. The Freshmen, as usual, had a hard time of it for awhile, as our fellows would miss a meal before they would forego the privilege of soaking a Freshman in the ear.

We had some excellent marksmen in our Class, as 'Ninety-five will testify to their sorrow. Harvey Young would stand out in front of Dickinson, and, with that sinister smile of his, draw back his arm and let fly a snow-ball,

warranted to kill up to fifty yards. We certainly should have been accurate that Winter, as we had abundant opportunities to practice.

As usual the snow-ball fight was a bloody fray. It resembled an Irish political meeting more than anything else. Of course the little men bore the brunt of the battle, and the despised Poller stepped forth in all his might and put to shame the pampered aristocrats. The usual programme was to stoop down, mould a snow-ball, throw it with all one's might and with accurate aim at the eye of the nearest man who was not looking, and then, waiting till some one else stooped down to scrape up snow, rush out, kick him in the broadest part of his anatomy, and rush back again. It was a glorious idea of Bob Lewis', this using one's feet as well as one's fist and arms. Bob has large, expansive pedal extremities and did terrible execution.

Jim Blake's eyes were closed early in the game, and so he engaged a non-combatant to point out to him the direction in which the enemy lay; then he would form a snow-ball and sling it somewhere or other. He hit Matt Goldie once, full in the mouth, and drove a crowd of Seniors off the steps of "Old North" by his persistent volleys.

Tom Bowes, spying a Junior bringing up reinforcements to the Freshmen, carefully took a bad egg, which he had been saving for some emergency, out of his pocket, and with great precision landed it in the middle of the upper classman's shirt-bosom.



Much to our regret, the Proctors stopped the battle when we began using gravel for ammunition, and both sides withdrew their shattered forces for repairs. "Bill Nye" Ramsdell, our commanding officer, has always been positive that we would have driven the enemy from the campus in five minutes more; the conservatives say that it would have taken as much as half an hour.

The examinations, with their steady grind, finally were over, and the next occasion of importance was Washington's Birthday. We made extensive preparations for any Freshmen who might be abroad, and, as in the early part of the year, the whole Class was out. A few judicious hazing parties were sent around to take care of necessary cases, but promiscuous hazing was strictly forbidden.

Our operations were hampered to some extent by a crowd of Alumni, who in a maudlin condition paraded the campus. We had to dodge them as well as keep a sharp lookout for 'Ninety-five men. About three o'clock Jenney, Bushnell, Conkling, and Harold McMillan were crossing the campus when Jen saw the light of a lantern in the tower of the School of Science Building. He at once set up a yell of "'Ninety-four this way," which immediately brought a number of his class-mates to his side, but at the same time warned the Freshmen and alarmed the Proctors. Jen was eager to shin up a lightning-rod into the tower, but was prevented by his friends, and an opening was forced by means of a back window. Just as we were getting up into the tower, Bill Leggitt and Sam Calhoun arrived on the

scene of action, and the bold youth, with the banner which he had intended to attach to the highest point of the building, was wrested from our grasp.

At this time the foundations of Alexander Hall were being laid, and two enormous derricks were used by the masons. Karl George climbed one of these to see if they had been tampered with by Ninety-five, and was treed by the crowd of Alumni. They told him to come down, and when he didn't obey their injunction proceeded to stone him. He came down speedily upon this new move, and was greatly reminded of his trials in his first year before he escaped them. The rest of the night passed off uneventfully, and a weary crowd of Sophomores retired to their rooms to get a little sleep before the exercises in the gymnasium.

These morning exercises were given over chiefly to horse-play, and amid a prodigious racket the orators attempted to harangue the multitude. Teddy Laughlin was the Sophomore orator, and acquitted himself very creditably. His powerful brazen lungs prevailed even over the cheers and jeers of the underclassmen.

Shortly after this Lou Reichnor was requested by the Faculty to spend the remainder of the year at Cranbury on account of the hazing which occurred on the eve of Washington's Birthday. Lou was loath to go, but decided that those in authority knew what was best for him, and departed with his text-books for a vacation. He says that Cranbury is not a very lively town, but that he managed to have a nice, quiet time.

The long Winter months were about over now, and we began to have indications the Spring was but waiting for an opportunity to slip in upon us. It was the season for social events, and our "sassiety" men got their dress-suits out and hunted for shirt buttons.

The performance of "Katherine" by the Dramatic Association, late in March, was an event of great importance in our eyes, as we had a chance to view McWilliams in pink tights and see Sykes do the man-milliner act. Either of these exhibitions would have drawn a crowd, but the combination was irresistible, and so the gym. was thronged. It was most amusing to watch "Fatty" try to get the wrinkles out of those fleshings. He would pull them up, then smooth them down, performing all sorts of gymnastics, but still those wrinkles stayed with him. Sykes sold his bonnets and laces with the same off-hand air in which he writes a poem or takes a Baird prize. William Rogers was in the chorus, and they tell the story that when Butler, 'Ninety-two, who took one of the leading female roles, descended to the dressing-room and began to remove his stockings, Willie shrank behind the stove and covered his face with his handkerchief. And those who know Will put confidence in the story, as he is one of the most modest youths who ever lived.

The base-ball candidates were working away down in the cage with every prospect of turning out a good team. Ed Wright, Gaddy Drake, and Ernie Ramsdell still stayed with the team, and were doing good service in their respective positions. There is one "phenom." whom we must

mention in this connection. He had been a substitute pitcher upon the University of Michigan team and came on here prepared to make our old men work hard to retain their positions. This was Mr. Van Nortwick, of Batavia, Illinois. Van had beautiful curves and knew how to pitch, at least he thought he did, but somehow he totally overlooked the fact that it was necessary to put the ball over the base. This is the reason why opposing teams make so few hits when "Cyclone" is in the box. He never puts the ball near enough for them to reach it. Van also played the mandolin, but even as in his pitching, he says he learned to play by a different method than the one used in the East, and so his excellence is not properly acknowledged.

A national election was beginning to occupy the attention of the outside world in the Spring of '92, and it behooved the College to fall into line, so Republican and Democratic campaign clubs were organized, and our Class was not backward in helping the good work along, though probably hardly one in five was able to vote. The College Republican Club held a mock convention in the gymnasium one night, and forestalled the National Republican Convention by nominating Harrison and Morton.

The days were getting longer now, and we began to fully enjoy that outdoor life for which Princeton is so famous. The various scrub base-ball teams began to bestir themselves, and exciting contests were held every afternoon behind Witherspoon. It was during this era that Cum-

mings Waldo Cherry came to the conclusion that he was built for a catcher. Nothing could dissuade him from this opinion, and so he purchased a mammoth glove, a mask, and a chest protector, and started into business. Cherry's fingers had an evil tendency of always getting in front of the ball, and after he had received four or five swift "in-shoots" upon his bare hands he sometimes became a little angry, and would throw the ball over the centre fielder's head. All the little muckers in town knew Cherry's peculiar style of playing ball within two weeks, and it did not add anything to his equanimity to have a crowd of these pesky youngsters making comments. However, his perseverance overcame all obstacles, until now he is nearly as active a back-stop as Teddy Humphrey.

The election of officers for the managerships of the Foot-ball, Base-ball, and Track Associations brought out all the latent politicians in the class, and on the morning of an election the campus would be filled with hustlers who button-holed every passer-by in an endeavor to impress him with the merits of their favorite candidates. It was in this line that "Bill Nye" Ramsdell was supreme. He laid out his campaigns like a ward politician, and carried his system through from start to finish.

Theodore Friend Humphrey was elected to the managership of the Base-ball Association, James McNaughton Thompson to a like position in the Foot-ball Association, and Charley McIlwain stepped into the vacant berth in the Track Association.

Meanwhile the 'Varsity was playing an unlucky game, and have lost one game each with Pennsylvania, Harvard, and Yale.

However, we manage to pull ourselves and won the second game from Penn on May 16th.

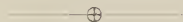
Perhaps the biggest novelty that Spring was the anniversary of the founding of the Princeton Fire Department. All day long the streets were thronged with visiting firemen in rubber helmets, blue flannel shirts, and gray pantaloons. A brass band was playing in front of every saloon and the town was full of mirth and gayety. In the afternoon they had an exhibition by one of their crack companies, and threw a stream of water a hundred yards or more in all directions, "not caring a darn" how many clean pairs of duck trousers they ruined. Free beer was served that evening, a large number of the Sophomore class partaking of their hospitality.

The last part of May was unfortunate from an athletic point of view, as our track team got only third place in the Intercollegiates and Harvard scored her second victory over us in base-ball.

June brought with it plenty of hot weather and abundance of examinations. This terrible combination crushed us, and our base-ball team submitted to a second defeat at the hands of Yale.

The one hundred and forty-fifth annual commencement saw the Class of 'Ninety-two depart, and brought us half way through our existence as an undergraduate body.

# CHAPTER III.



JUNIOR YEAR.

UNIVERSITY OF  
ILLINOIS LIBRARY  
AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN





## JUNIOR YEAR.

It is a remarkable fact that the vacation between Sophomore and Junior years in Princeton produces a revolution in the standpoint from which one views undergraduate life. As underclassmen we felt that the principal aim of existence here was to get through our examinations, have a good time, keep our Class up to standard, and let the rest of the College take care of itself in whatever way it saw fit, as long as our rights were not infringed upon. But when we returned in Junior year we looked at it from an altogether different point of view. Our horizon was broadened immeasurably, and we thought that we understood the true relationship which should exist between Alumnus and Undergraduate, between Professor and Student. Some of us wanted a finger in the pie of governing, and felt capable of running the whole machine with less friction than exists under the present *regime*. The days of squabbles with the Class above us and below us were over, and we considered ourselves collegians in the broad sense of the term.

A few of our number had dropped out, and were missed. Kirk Rankin, Ed Wright, Ernie Ramsdell, Walter Clark, Billy Fisk, and others, who had endeared themselves to all, seemed to leave vacant spaces.

We marked several accessions of note also. There was Dick Hatton and Kajiwara, Mike Foster and Snitcher, Billy Williams, Cleindinst, and Cochran.

We were given a good deal of latitude in the matter of choice of electives, and it was soon evident that the great bulk of Princeton Juniors came here for the sake of an artistic education. The Art courses were liberally patronized by most of the broad-minded men in the Class.

We took a kind of elder brotherly interest in the Freshmen, and looked down upon their strife with the Sophomores in a way which was very amusing, when one thinks that we had been engaged in the same kind of business some six months before.

The Juniors superintended the rush, which occurred soon after the opening of College, and for the first time in our lives we enjoyed the spectacle. It was so comfortable to lean up against a post and watch them pummel one another. We saw many ludicrous situations which had missed us altogether in former years.

When it came time for the Class base-ball series, our team was beaten by both 'Ninety-three and 'Ninety-five. Of course, these defeats were unpleasant, but they were not the supreme struggles of the series, and we did not care much, anyway.

The Freshmen-Sophomore game that year was a very pretty contest, though a little slow, to our minds. We led the cheering for our proteges and saw them home safely, while the 'Ninety-five men looked on askance.

The two great sources of amusement that Fall were our political meetings and parades ; and the foot-ball situation.

The former were a constant source of pleasure, as the three clubs, the Republican, the Democratic, and the Prohibitionist, all had uniforms and torches.

The Republicans wore a very poor grade of old brown linen dusters and a brown mortar-board, which insisted upon curling up at the corners. There was no fit to the uniform at all, and most of them were of the same size.

It was very amusing to see " Long " Dickey and " Runt " Carlyle marching side by side in some of our numerous parades, wearing interchangeable gowns.

But the Democrats had the startling costume. It was a Zouave uniform, comprising a red cap, blue jacket, red trousers very much bagged, and tying below the knee with white strings. Add to this a pair of white leggings and you have this remarkable combination complete.

This was the dress of the rank and file, but the officers and members of the band were even more wonderfully appareled.

Their coats, instead of being the abbreviated jackets which have been mentioned, were long frocks, made of white canvas and trimmed with red. They buttoned closely up to the neck with big brass buttons, and had split tails behind in the most approved fashion.

These favored few wore tin helmets, with a large spike in the centre thereof. To see " Clytie " George in his white coat as he led the host on to victory and Kingston was worth

going a long distance out of one's way. A special coat had to be ordered for him, as there was not one in the whole lot which he did not fill to overflowing. These suits were stored in the "Lit." room in North Reunion, and "Sport" Cherry was their custodian. His wrath was aroused by hourly discoveries that sundry outfits had been abstracted in his absence, and he made a secret though vain hunt for the miscreants. Finally the committee, unable to collect the money to pay for their finery, declared themselves insolvent, and turned their accounts over to a wealthy member of Democratic principles, who immediately handed out the necessary cash.

"Horse" Nixon was the high muck-a-muck of the Republican Central Committee, and dealt out torches and oil to all comers. Jim Brodnax was the king of the Prohibitionists, and had a keg of beer on tap in his room from the middle of October till after elections.

Who will ever forget the two grand rallies which occurred along in late October, when to the sound of martial music we marched up and down Nassau Street for three hours!

Trenton, Hightstown, Penns Neck, and Squacks all sent up large delegations, and the line of march was decorated by the loyal townspeople.

But we must confess that we did not act very courteously to our guests.

They complained that the students were an organized gang of thieves, asserting that stray helmets, torches, and flasks were purloined by the collegians, and even if the

offender was caught they were forced to let him alone by his class-mates.

On the night of the grand Democratic rally Jimmie Gibson was determined to secure a sample of a certain kind of helmet which had caught his eye, to complete his collection. Engaging Charlie Robinson as a confederate, he approached a wearer of the coveted head-piece, and while Charlie offered the stranger a cigarette, "Gib" grabbed the helmet and lit out for Princeton, pursued by four or five angry Trentonites. Of course he escaped, for Gib goes down to the 'Varsity grounds to train for the track team every year, but in his headlong flight ran plump into the arms of Sam Calhoun, our genial night Proctor.

Gib explained that a man had given him the helmet, and that he was running because he was in a hurry to get back to his room, where a party of New York friends were quartered. He told a straight story, until Sam happened to glance over at his room and saw that it was dark as Erebus.

But his captor was lenient, and released him on condition that he go at once to bed.

Pat Lindsay and Archie Pepper got into a slight misunderstanding down at the station that night, and were obliged to draw "the guns," which, as true Southerners, they always carry, before they could escape.

On election day many of us walked up to the polls and cast our first votes for President, but even Princeton, which is an overwhelmingly Republican community, could not change the general results.

Our foot-ball men were in strict training, and the team was making great strides towards championship form. They overstepped themselves, falling over a tough snag in the shape of the University of Pennsylvania.

It was the most disgruntled crowd which returned from Manheim that night, ever seen upon the campus. Many 'Ninety-four men tried to drown their sorrows in the flowing bowl; yea, even some who never before had tasted strong drink. The whole College was in mourning for weeks, and the Alumni came down to comfort us in our sorrows. On Thanksgiving Yale beat us by a narrow margin, and we had good cause to believe that "next year we will be at the head of the procession."

The great progress of the team during the last part of the season can be traced directly to Reddy Turner's efficient captaincy of the scrub. Brick had a system all his own, and when the time came for his side to take the ball he would come up to his half-backs, tell them exactly where to run, and then ejaculate, one, two, three, five, six, seven, or some other mystic symbol, pausing to take a deep breath between each number. Now, his signals did not mean anything at all, but they served to mystify the 'Varsity, who believed his system to be the most intricate one ever invented. Brick sprained his knee that fall, and in consequence received the privilege of attending chapel optionally until he recovered. Consequently he never has gotten over the strain, and is limping to this day—whenever he meets a member of the Absence Committee.

Harry Riggs was unable to attend morning service also on account of an attack of indigestion which lasted all year.

There were five other lazy men in our Class who managed to pull the wool over the Faculty's eyes with the same result.

The latter part of the foot-ball season brought out Jim Blake and "Windy" Allen, who were afterwards to fill the hole in our team caused by Homans leaving.

The only excitement during the month of December was the spirited contest for places on the chess team. The contest lay between four members of our Class—Ewing, Dickey, Morrison, and Roberts; the first two winning the places by a short neck. The games occasioned intense interest, and were carefully contested, each move sometimes taking thirty minutes. Borneo Roberts and Buck Ewing played for two whole days upon one game, and then declared it a draw. During the tournament the room in which the contest was held would be thronged with a multitude hanging upon each move with bated breath, and those unable to enter the sacred precincts would be told that "Borneo has just moved his knight's pawn from  $\times 14$  y to p. d. q. 27.

The College was solicited to send our champions up to New York during the Christmas holidays to play against representatives of Harvard, Columbia, and Yale, for an intercollegiate cup. Believing our team invincible, we reached deep down into our trouser pockets and offered our little quarters and fifty-cent pieces to such an extent



that the boys stayed ten days after College opened and saw the town. After great mental exertion they managed to come out fourth. Chess was a very tender subject with Dickey for some time, and he would become red-headed if any one even mentioned dominoes in his presence.

During this vacation the Glee Club Organization, under the fatherly care of A. D. Jenney, made the most successful tour they have ever attempted. Tom Bailey, "Chip" McCampbell, Charley McKenzie, Bennie Benson, Al Woodruff, Charley Worden, and "Weel" Rogers vocalized, while Corney Kenly and Bill Doty picked the banjo and mandolin respectively. Worden and Rogers served in a double capacity, as the former played on the mandolin and the latter blew the whistle. Their experiences were many and varied.

In Omaha, McKenzie was introduced to a maiden lady of some years, who was greatly taken with our captain's handsome countenance and stalwart figure. She engaged Mac in conversation and held him so for three long hours, though he made several unsuccessful attempts to escape.

In St. Louis, Bennie Benson, the darling of Philadelphia's swelldom, had an animated discussion with a cab-driver, who affirmed that Ben had used his equipage and refused to pay him. Mr. Benson, becoming tired of the conversation, informed the driver that he was a liar, and was promptly knocked down. Upon collecting his scattered senses Ben fled to his hotel and told the boys a startling tale of Western manners. He had been jumped upon by four men, two of whom he disabled, and was only overcome by



being struck from behind with a slung-shot. His nose was broken, three teeth had been knocked down his throat, and he knew both his eyes would be black. He asked Jen if he had better telegraph for Benson *pater*, and was dissatisfied upon being assured that it was hardly necessary.

A careful examination of Bennie's anatomy was instituted and disclosed a slight scratch on his nose.

The only thing which detracted from the enjoyment of the trip was the fact that Eddie Laughlin was not along.

Eddie had consulted the leader as to the advisability of taking vocal lessons, and had been informed that he certainly would need it before he would be acceptable, but, nothing daunted, he had decided to make an attempt anyway. He gave up standing out in front of Reunion and yelling, "Hello, Tom Bailey! Hello, Teddy Humphrey! Come and take a walk," and even restricted his diet in hopes of improving the *timbre* of his voice.

But it availed him nothing, and a Freshman filled the place he was working for.

Upon coming back from the Christmas holidays we were shocked to hear of the sudden death of General Kargé. His elective class from 'Ninety-four was large, and those who had been so fortunate as to be under his instruction felt his death as a personal loss. The General possessed a fund of knowledge which seemed to embrace all branches of study, and we who were in his classes could not but be broadened mentally and morally by our contact with him. He was a

brave soldier, a learned instructor, an honorable Christian gentleman, and left a memory in Princeton which can hardly be forgotten.

The days from the opening of College to the beginning of the mid-year examinations passed swiftly by, and left but little results, with the exception of marking the adoption of our present examination system.

The hours which had been spent upon fashioning an intricate and comprehensive "crib" were now spent upon polling the subject itself, with the amazing result that confirmed "cribbers," men who had never once thought of entering Examination Hall without one of these little aids to memory, and who had fallen below the passing grade time after time, now escaped without a condition. It was a glorious revolution, and raised the standard of Princeton honor high in the eyes of the world.

Washington's Birthday quickly arrived and we Juniors went to the morning exercises at peace with the world and undisturbed. We were above the childish brawls of the underclassmen, and could look calmly on and see the Senior orator roast his class-mates until they squirmed.

"Mousie" Forsyth was the Class orator and showed that his oratorical abilities were about on a par with his pitching. By this we do not mean to cast any reflections on his speech either, for has he not shown that he is a first-class man on the base-ball diamond, after he once gets started?

George has one peculiarity which was strikingly evinced

in that speech. His gaze is directed upon things above this mundane sphere of ours, and he looks for things higher, nobler, purer. He directs his mild gray eyes upwards, not downwards, for the ravishing glances he concentrated upon the skylight that morning in the gym. strained the whole roof.

The Princeton-Yale debate, held in the middle of March, was the next thing in which our Class took a prominent part. Two of the participants were 'Ninety-four men—Bill Sykes and Donald McCall—and both smashed Yale arguments in a manner which was edifying. The only trouble with Donald was that he was a little inclined to use a Y. M. C. A. Convention tone. Jim Fentress says he was afraid every minute that Mac would forget his lines, and absent-mindedly step to the front of the stage and inquire in moving tones, "Is there another?"

Sykes pranced back and forth upon the platform, gesticulating wildly with his fists, and ready to knock down any line of Yale logic before it was half uttered. His collar slipped a link, his tie mounted his ear, his shirt bosom cracked straight across the middle with a deafening report, but our noble Sau—— We must beg the reader's pardon, for we were about to call Bill by a name he especially loathes. He has even gone so far as to treat the historians on four separate and distinct occasions in consideration of our omitting it.

As we were saying, Mr. Sykes cared nothing at all for appearances, but went on in his harangue until time was

called. No decision was rendered upon the respective merits of the two opposing sides, though Sykes undoubtedly carried off the palm of victory, using nearly half again as many words in his allotted time as did any of the other speakers.

Along at the last of the month the elections to the *Princetonian* and "Lit." were announced.

On the *Princetonian* two 'Ninety-four men were already veterans. Bill Spruance had begun at the bottom in Freshman year, working on the "Here and There" department, and gradually advancing until he was permitted to write notices of Philadelphia meetings upon the front page.

John Davidson McCord (he of the vulgar nickname) had been taking care of the office since the beginning of the year, filing the exchanges, emptying waste-paper baskets, and sweeping out in the mornings.

Billy Fisk was also one of the old board of editors, but had been obliged to leave College on account of ill health.

"Spruke" and McCord were the nucleus around which the new board was formed, "Mud" Archer, Jimmy Bathgate, Jack Wilkins, and John Neeley being chosen to fill up the number. They elected Mike Fisher as business manager.

The "Lit." elections were the cause of a great mental strain to several members of the Class. On the night on which they were to be announced Patterson wandered aimlessly around the campus seeking for consolation, for he had worked long and faithfully, and now feared that it would count him nothing. He had turned out several sweet little

poems, and one story of his, entitled "Little Peyton; or, How I Got Slugged in Freshman Year," had received favorable criticisms on all hands. Pat finally ended up by calling upon Sykes, who was also a candidate for literary honors, and the two talked till on towards morning, hoping that they might hear something as to their fate. Finally, Sykes stepped out for a moment, and on coming back announced in a lugubrious voice, "Pat, we ain't in it. The whole board has been elected, and we are both carefully omitted." Of course, Pat swallowed the story, for he is an innocent child, and with bitter tears exclaimed, "I think it's real mean! The nasty thing is no good anyhow, and I'm glad I didn't make it." He went to bed in sorrow, and spent a sleepless night bemoaning his fate.

The authentic elections were posted in the morning.

Sykes was managing editor, and was assisted by Forsyth, Humphrey, Cherry, Patterson, and Jenkins. They elected Robert P. Jack to the treasurership, and proceeded to storm Philadelphia, New York, and Trenton in a still hunt for advertisements.

Both the *Princetonian* and "Lit." men spent their Easter holidays in this unpleasant business, and came back with sad tales of being kicked out of stores, waiting to see men who were out of town, and being politely asked to call in September.

Cherry tried it for three days in Philadelphia, and caught a chronic case of "sour-ball," which broke all previous records.

April brought with it an abundance of bad weather. It was the beginning of a Spring which surpassed the preceding two in the number of unpleasant days. The base-ball team took a Southern trip early in the month, and made a splendid record, winning all their games. Gaddy Drake was the regular pitcher, and did splendid work, while Chip McKenzie, playing in left field, hit the ball in a way which gave him a beautiful batting average. These were the only 'Ninety-four men upon the team.

There was a great deal of sickness in College this Spring, and when twenty or more of our gallant Juniors came down with the mumps and measles, it seemed as if we were returning to our second childhood. If it had only been brain fever, superinduced by over-study, or nervous exhaustion, or some respectable disease, the sufferers might have extracted some sympathy, but when a man said he had been confined for two weeks with the mumps he was considered an object for good-natured chaff. The excuse worked with the Faculty, however, in splendid style.

Patterson was the only man who indulged in the luxury of a fancy disease, and when he told his friends that the doctors were certain he had catarrh of the stomach, we all looked grave, though nobody knew exactly what it was.

Pat went on to say that he was afraid he might have to diet to overcome his trouble. It happened the very next morning that he had a severe headache, and sent down word that his breakfast must be sent up to his room. Grier and Herb Fisher took charge of the matter, and when

Pat opened the big basket which they carried up to his room he found two small pieces of toast and an immense bouquet of dandelions, to which was attached a card stating that the Club sent its deepest sympathy. The two hard-hearted wretches appeared terribly alarmed by his symptoms, and Fish, who had studied a little medicine, decided he had a complication of diseases, any one of which was necessarily fatal. Every two or three hours they would drop in and ask him how he was feeling, until they got Pat so alarmed that he stayed in bed for two days.

As soon as the warm weather came on a large number of our Class made daily pilgrimages to the canal and Millstone to go in swimming. The number so increased that finally a crowd of us were driven away by a farmer with a shotgun, who declared that "that 'air crick aint no bath-tub for all the stujents up to Princeton." He gave as a minor reason for our leaving that "the feller in the red britches scared his caows," this remark applying to Harry Akin, who used a pair of Zouave trousers, which he had obtained during the campaign, as a bathing suit.

McLeish and Sabine had a falling-out this Spring which approached a fatal ending. "Smiles" challenged Sabine to a duel with broad-swords, and though the latter boasts a long line of Dutch ancestors, renowned in the time of William of Orange for their pugnacity, his fighting blood absolutely refused to come to the surface, and he respectfully declined the challenge. Smiles took him unawares the next day, upon the campus, and jumping upon his back pulled



out a handful of curly locks before the spectators could interfere. As was natural, this added to their strained relationship, but though Bill Meredith spent the better part of three days trying to work Sabine up to a fighting pitch, no further hostilities followed.

Since that time these whilom friends have gone their separate ways, Sabine training exclusively with Thaw and his worshipers, and helping the Pittsburgh millionaire to foot the bills.

Pennsylvania was the only one of the big teams we could defeat this year. We won two out of three times in the series with her, but lost two straight to Harvard and three to Yale.

The track team completed the discouragement to our athletic hopes by being beaten out for third place in the intercollegiates by Pennsylvania. But we bore our sorrows in silence, and cheerfully murmured "Better luck in the Fall."

A few days more and commencement was upon us, and 'Ninety-three, our old enemies, afterwards our friends, went to join the great majority.



## CHAPTER IV.



SENIOR YEAR.



## SENIOR YEAR.

FOR the last time as Undergraduates our Class returned to Princeton in the latter part of September, prepared for the grand climax of our college existence.

For the first two weeks there were so many "World's Fair" experiences related that it looked as if the whole Class had spent the entire Summer there. Strange as it may appear, we did not talk the whole time about the grandeur of the Exhibition, but gave a few spare moments up to relating the various scrapes we got into and the small holes we crawled out of. One couldn't walk a hundred yards on the "Midway" any day throughout the long Summer without hearing the "How are you, old man!" of some college friend.

It was in this neighborhood that the greater part of our experiences were met with.

"Cairo" and the "Persian Theatre" were our favorite loafing places during the day, and in the evening the boys flocked to "Old Vienna" and drank their beer, pounding with their steins upon the tables in accompaniment to some old college song.

Frank Riggs got into trouble one night by trying to swipe a silver spigot which was sticking in a beer keg. He had secured it and was nearly out of harm's way when it slipped from under his coat, and falling to the ground drew all eyes to him. Frank made a swift retreat, but he was

overtaken and hauled back by three angry Dutchmen, and only escaped by calling for Harry and proving an *alibi*. The waiters could not possibly say which was the sinner and which was guiltless, though if they had known the boys as well as we do Francis would never have been released.

These two, with Rankin, who had joined them there, and the two Kennedys, spent one joyous forenoon in strewing the "Streets of Cairo" with tacks, and then hearing the barefooted Orientals howl when they trod on them.

Bennie Benson, as usual, was right in with the nobility, hobnobbing with the Higanbothams and other lords of the Exposition.

Jack Bushnell visited "Cyclone" Van Nortwick and made such an impression on Van's best girl that he was requested to depart.

Winnie Kennedy reported a fine time, with lots to drink, while Frank McCune's only objection was that you had to get up so blamed early in the morning to accomplish any sight-seeing before noon.

It seemed so very strange to come back to Princeton as Seniors. Back in Freshman year we had looked upon Juniors with awe and reverence, and as for Seniors, no words can describe our feelings toward them. They were a kind of superior being, far higher in the scale of existence than the Professors.

And now we had reached that exalted station!

We felt our responsibilities weighing us down heavily.

As Dr. Patton told us, "You men are the formers of Undergraduate opinion. You rule the roost." Perhaps these were not the exact words he used, but the meaning is the same. But we determined to make our short rule a momentous one, and took up our burden of responsibility blithely, thinking that we were the men for the occasion. Whether our confidence was justified is hard to judge, for there have been more outbreaks against the governing body than in any year since 'Ninety-four has been in College. We believe that these disturbances have all, or nearly all, been along the line of progress, and have benefited the community, though some might disagree with us.

Nearly every one who was with us in Junior year was back again, and the accessions to our numbers did not exceed four or five.

The inter-class base-ball games occupied our attention for a few days, and we loafed down to the 'Varsity grounds to see our team win from 'Ninety-six and 'Ninety-seven, though our colors were lowered by 'Ninety-five.

The following was the make-up of the team:—

MCKENZIE . . . . .	Short stop.
LINDSAY . . . . .	Catcher.
KING . . . . .	Second base.
CREIGH . . . . .	Left field.
DRAKE . . . . .	Centre field.
FERRIS . . . . .	Right field.
YOUNG . . . . .	First base.
NEELEY . . . . .	Third base.
VAN NORTWICK . . . . .	Pitcher.

Of these nine good men Gaddy Drake and Harvey Young are the only ones who played in the Class games in the Fall of 1890, when, as Freshmen, we entered Princeton. Gaddy was now really not in College, having come back just to get us started well, leaving Harvey as the only man who played on both teams.

Our foot-ball men had spent the two weeks before the opening of College up on Long Island Sound, and came back a day or so after College opened in splendid physical condition. They played a careful game all season long, not giving their opponents much chance to gauge their abilities.

Much of the practice was carried on behind closed gates, and the Undergraduates knew but little more than the outside public about their real playing ability. Lawrenceville nearly beat us, right in the middle of the season, and later Lehigh scored upon us in the second half.

Jim Blake and "Windy" Allen were making a hard struggle for full-back, when the latter was injured, and Jim put in the time to such good advantage that though he himself was on the retired list for about half the season his opponent was outclassed. The great trouble with Fred was that he always wanted to stop and argue the advisability of plays after the signal had been given; and though, theoretically, a general discussion will often clear up many a knotty point, a foot-ball game is hardly the proper place to put it in practice. This habit of Allen's of talking on every occasion, and sometimes when the occasion was absent, made his name a by-word and a hissing.

We were not surprised when our team revenged themselves upon Pennsylvania for the degradation we had suffered at her hands the year before, although the score—four to nothing—was too small to satisfy most of us. Two of our number took part in this contest, Blake and Balliett, and both did yeoman service. For the next three weeks the team played no outsiders, but, locking themselves into the 'Varsity grounds, practiced long and faithfully.

Nobody except a few insiders, who knew the whole system of their play, realized how much foot-ball they knew, but the management deemed it wise to save it all up and surprise the anxious thousands on Thanksgiving.

As usual, the College turned out *en masse*, and went up to New York to support the team. Many of us wagered our available cash upon the result, at odds of two or three to one. Those who were not bold, or whose spare cash was numbered in dimes, have bewailed the golden opportunity ever since.

Such a glorious game was never seen, and our hearts were freed from the fear of being the first class that ever graduated without seeing a foot-ball championship brought home to Princeton.

Meanwhile Managing Editor Sykes and his "Lit." board were having a hard time of it. The chief had been styled "Dame Sykes" by George Forsyth, and to add insult to injury had been accused of treason in favoring "the Tiger," of which he was also an editor, at the expense of the "Lit." Bill was summoned to appear before the board, and receive

his sentence. It was the liveliest meeting ever held in that arena where so many battles have been waged, the office of the *Nassau Literary Magazine*. Bill cussed his assistants individually and collectively, and the favor was returned individually and collectively. Jenkins ejaculated "Help!" several times in rapid succession, intending to be very wicked. "Jenks" don't like to swear right out loud, lest Tower might hear of it and cast him forth neck and crop from the number of his friends, and so he says "Help!" which does not mean anything in particular, though it closely resembles a very expressive term in sound.

This angered Bill, who immediately jumped on Paul Burrill for not tending to his own duties of keeping the table cleared of periodicals. Then everybody put in his oar, and the meeting was ended by George Forsyth throwing a torch, left over from the campaign, through the front window and vanishing in a cloud of brimstone, towards Brown. This was but one of the many little episodes which made our life miserable.

In the Fall track games the most stirring event was the mile walk. Three great athletes were ranged at the starting post, all 'Ninety-four men, and an immense amount of money had been placed on each one by his confident friends.

"Horses" Pratt, Sykes, and Jenkins were the valiant walkers, and the "outcome" was involved in great uncertainty, for Pratt had the best hip motion, "Jenks" had the longest legs, and Sykes had the best wind. We watched them until the sun sank beyond the western hills and then,



overtaken by the darkness, sadly went to our rooms, knowing that we would not be able to find the result in the next evening's *Princetonian*.

It was shortly after Thanksgiving that the Campbell-Van Cise mill occurred back of the Biological Observatory. Cortlandt Van Rensselaer Edward Van Cise had been dropped from Whig Hall for non-payment of dues, but still frequented the reading-room, although he had been asked to desist several times. Finally "Cam" was deputed to eject him, and accomplished his duty with success. He grasped Van firmly but gently by the scruff of the neck, and, leading him to the door, landed him in a heap at the bottom of the steps with lacerated trousers and injured feelings.

Van immediately challenged "Cam" to a bare-knuckle fight to a finish, asking but ten minutes to secure a second, and upon his offer being accepted hustled over to Reunion and secured his friend Mud Archer as his bottle-holder.

"Cam" soon appeared on the scene of action with Armstrong as his best man, and the fray at once began.

The exchanges of blows were brief, rapid, and to the point, Van retiring with two black eyes and a bloody nose as tokens of the "Harlem Goat's" fistic abilities.

The following day Van wrote a note to "Armie," of which the following is a *verbatim* copy:—

"*Mr. Armstrong:*

"DEAR SIR:—You are a gentleman and treated me as a gentleman, but your room-mate, Campbell, is a low-lived, dirty mucker.

"In the fight last night he struck me three blows which were manifestly unfair, namely, to wit: one upon the eye, while I had my guards down; one upon the nose, while I was not looking; and one upon the mouth and from behind.

"My outraged honor demands revenge, and I demand another meeting before two witnesses. You will please to consult Mr. Archer, my second, and make the necessary arrangements.

"Campbell is a mucker.

"Respectfully,

"CORTLANDT V. R. EDWARD VAN CISE."

Within twenty-four hours "Armie" had one hundred and fifty applications for the position of witness, but Cam has refused to fight again.

The departure of Gaddy Drake along in the early Fall was the occasion of a love-feast down in Brown, which, for the number participating and the amount of whisky consumed has never been surpassed in the history of the institution.

The boys were so overcome by the thought of his leaving that their wails might be heard on Nassau Street, and the windows were constantly filled with mourners shedding large, bitter tears into the court below. He was accompanied by a crowd to the Junction, and many and various were the ways in which they manifested their grief. After kissing

every one of them good-by he clambered on board his train amid the good wishes of all concerned.

The big fire in celebration of the victory over Yale in foot-ball gave another opportunity for the consumption of much liquor. Everybody was gay and happy, and the tumult did not subside till morning.

The next event of importance to us was the Senior Class elections. For days, yea, even weeks, before this momentous occasion, little knots of Seniors might be seen consulting upon the campus, whispering with heads close together; upon the approach of an outsider somebody would exclaim in a cheery voice, "Well, I guess I'll have to go down to the room and get my mail now," and at once the others would decide that they believed there was a letter waiting for them.

There were rumors of plots and counter-plots, of permutations and combinations, until nobody quite knew who were candidates for office and who were not. The politicians were working with unusual activity, and mystery was in the air. A couple of days before the important night the list of accredited voters was announced, and we were divided into sections for rapidity and accuracy in counting the ballots. Where the rapidity came in we could not exactly see, for it was sometimes an hour and a half after the polls were closed before the result was announced.

Jim Brodnax, the great leader of cheers and presider over College mass-meetings, as our retiring President took the chair, and after giving us a few instructions in regard to

breaking furniture and the peace, proclaimed that nominations for President were in order.

And then the fun began. For eight hours or more Examination Hall was a scene of confusion and strife which beggars description. About every three-quarters of an hour we got a chance to cast a ballot, and in the interim amused ourselves as best we could. Cards were produced from coat pockets, a roulette wheel was started in one corner of the room, the story teller limbered up his memory, and all sat down for an all-night's job of it.

Some jovial joker wrote an insulting letter to "Smiles" McLeish, and signed "Chawley" Rugh's name to it. Of course "Smiles" was enraged, and prepared to take vengeance out of "Chawley's" hide.

He approached the supposed author of the scrawl, and asked him if he had dared to send him any such vile epistle. Chawley was indignant at the charge, and, placing one hand square on the middle of his manly breast, made an Oriental salaam and said, "I wrote you no note, sir." Nevertheless, the audience would not accept his frequent repetition of this sentence as an apology, and clamored for proof.

A moot-court was at once instituted, and the witnesses were examined and re-examined by numerous self-appointed attorneys on both sides, and after a number of lofty flights of rhetoric by the counsels, the case was given to the jury.

This self-selected body, after carefully weighing the

question and discussing the arguments on both sides, rendered the decision that "Smiles" had written the letter himself, and that the defendant, on account of his persistent denials of the crime, should be publicly kicked from the platform. The verdict was carried out without loss of time.

Meanwhile some of the boys had gotten sleepy, and had stretched themselves in sweet repose upon the tables with which the room was filled.

Jack Bushnell conceived the brilliant plan of dumping them off, and with the aid of some volunteers did the trick, thereby occasioning much profanity.

The roulette wheel coined money, and the croupier was able to give five dollars and eighty-seven cents, the profits of the evening's play, to help defray the expenses of the celebration after the Thanksgiving victory.

The meeting finally broke up at half-past three, after electing the following officers:—

<i>President</i> . . . . .	J. MACNAUGHTON THOMPSON, New York.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i> . . . . .	WILLIAM A. SEXTON, New York.
<i>Master of Ceremonies</i> . . . . .	CHARLES S. MCKENZIE, New York.
<i>Class Orator</i> . . . . .	JAMES R. SWAIN, New Jersey.
<i>Class Poet</i> . . . . .	EDWARD J. RUSSELL, New Jersey.
<i>Iry Orator</i> . . . . .	JAMES S. CAMPBELL, Pennsylvania.
<i>Historian</i> . . . . .	ROBERT P. JACK, Illinois.
<i>Prophet</i> . . . . .	JOHN H. TURNER, Iowa.
<i>Censor</i> . . . . .	JAMES R. BLAKE, New Jersey.
<i>Presentation Orator</i> . . . . .	L. IRVING REICHNOR, Pennsylvania.
<i>Washington's Birthday Orator</i> . . . . .	MCCREADY SYKES, New Jersey.
<i>Class Debater</i> . . . . .	DONALD MCCOLL, New York.

The following Senior Committees were chosen :—

*Nassau Herald Committee :*

C. G. HOPPER, Pennsylvania,	A. J. MILLER, Ohio,
H. H. CONDIT, New Jersey,	GUY WILSON, Montana.

*Class Ode Committee :*

J. FENTRESS, JR., Illinois,	P. P. BLISS, JR., Pennsylvania,
A. E. HOLMES, New Jersey.	

*Memorial Committee :*

T. F. HUMPHREY, New Jersey,	M. SICARD, New York,
R. K. PORTSER, Pennsylvania.	

*Class Day Committee :*

W. L. MACCAULEY, New York,	A. R. CHAMBERLAIN, New York,
D. M. BALLIETT, Pennsylvania,	J. H. BAILEY, New York,
G. H. FORSYTH, Illinois,	C. H. MCILWAIN, Pennsylvania,
G. M. McCAMPBELL, Ohio,	A. D. JENNEY, New York,
C. B. WORDEN, New Jersey,	K. GEORGE, New York,
T. D. CORRY, Kentucky,	J. MCG. WHITE, Pennsylvania,
J. GIBSON, JR., New York,	J. M. BRODNAX, Tennessee,
H. McCLENEHAN, Maryland.	

A few days after the election "Dean" Murray made himself famous by coming out in the *Princetonian* with a "communication" which gave us all food for thought. The article purported to be written as a kind of Philippic against the ring which he claimed had ruled the Class elections. No doubt there was a good deal of truth in what "Dean" said, but as very few of us had the ability to unravel the meaning of his intricate sentences we were all in the dark. Finally Jim Campbell, having an off-day, sat down with his "Century Dictionary" and "Meaning of Philosophical Terms," and after six hours solid work compre-

hended the drift of Dean's argument, at least he said he did. Jim wrote another "communication" in reply to Murray's effusion, which no doubt accomplished its purpose.

The Christmas holidays being over we hied ourselves back to register, and were promptly on hand at the opening of College. Our mid-year examinations were not the terror to us that they used to be, and these passed by without disturbing our tranquillity. When these were over Lou Reichnor started to go down to Baltimore just for the trip, but changed his mind when he reached Philadelphia, and came straight back to Princeton. He was a little unsettled by the strain caused upon his mind by the examinations, and was hardly accountable for his actions.

Washington's Birthday brought a host of Almuni down upon us, and the Seniors did all in their power to give them an enjoyable visit. Van Cise got mixed up with a crowd down in Brown, and was persuaded to drink the contents of a beer bottle, which had been carefully filled with water. Van liked it; didn't care if he did take another, and finally called for a third. The effect of this dose upon him was so peculiar that he sat down at once, asked for a pencil and paper, and then proceeded to reel off yards of poetry, explaining as he went on his poetic method.

The next morning we reluctantly went over toward the gym. to hear Sykes spout his "horse" oration. We did not care to go in very much, for we had all heard Sykes speak so often that we knew just what he would say; but as we had elected him to his office, and as he represented the



Class in a way, we stepped to our seats with resigned hearts and patient faces.

His oration lasted exactly one hour and a quarter!

It was shortly after this that "Mousie" Forsyth was prostrated over the "fake" murder of Dick Hatton. George has always said that although he was badly taken in by the hoax he did exactly what was proper if it had been the real thing, and really showed a good deal of presence of mind. George's actions consisted in shouting "Seize the murderer" in a loud, commanding tone, and then making good his retreat into the closet. In his mind discretion is the better part of valor.

Spring put in an early appearance this year, and seemed to bring all the instincts of horse-play which are hidden in our nature to the surface.

Tops, hoops, and marbles were our favorite amusements, and tiring of these we would proceed to have a little sport with Johnnie Degnan. What with chasing empty beer kegs in Brown, trying to keep his star and the brass buttons on his coat from being swiped, putting kid muckers and organ-grinders off the campus, his lot has been a very hard one this Spring.

Chip McKenzie's ball-team started out unusually well this year by defeating the strong Georgetown University nine in two games. The good work continued, and nothing seemed to be able to stop our winning streak. Pennsylvania, Harvard, and Cornell fell before our heavy hitters.

Singing on the steps of Old North was our usual occu-



pation in those warm evenings in the early part of May; and though we may not have always satisfied our critical audiences we enjoyed it hugely ourselves, and as long as this is the case we intend to continue. Chip McCampbell wields his baton very skillfully, and as to our soloists they are better, as a whole, than any heard from the steps in the past four years.

The way Jim Fentress yells his nigger dialect song is appreciated by the College at large, and "Mr. George's little Dutch song is just too cute for anything," as a young lady remarked.

It is with the saddest of hearts that we are called upon to chronicle the death of Jack Murdoch. The news, as it was telegraphed to a member of our Class that afternoon in the first quarter of May, was an inexpressible shock to every man who knew him. He had hoped and expected to get back to be with us as we graduate, but Providence in its wisdom has seen fit to deny us another sight of him.

It was impossible for any one to know Murdoch without admiring his mental gifts, revering his strong Christian character, and loving his personality.

His religion was of the broadest type, and many a man in our Class upon the downward path has been comforted, aided, and assisted to a better life.

Knowing that he was on the brink of the grave, and that any sudden shock might break the slender thread of his human existence, he determined that while he lived he

should live well in the sight of God and of man, and that his mind should grow even at the expense of an already enfeebled body.

Perhaps from this rough sketch of our doings and our sayings in the past four years the impression may have been given that we have done nothing beyond having a good time all the while, at the expense of the broadening of our intellectual views, and forming a speaking acquaintance with a couple of hundred class-mates, whom we will forget as soon as we get out in this busy world.

To us, as we spend our last few days as Undergraduates amid the surroundings which for four years have been our life, this is by no means the attitude in which we view our college career. We are dissatisfied, probably every one of us, at the way in which we have wasted our opportunities; we could do it so much better if we had another chance, but nevertheless we have made friendships which we believe will never be broken; we have gained associations which we feel will influence our future to an extent beyond estimation.

We believe that when we look back upon college life, ten years or twenty years hence, we will be able to say with Lowell:—

Old friends! The writing of these words has borne  
My fancy backward to the gracious past,  
The generous past, when all was possible,  
For all was then untried. The years between  
Have taught some sweet, some bitter lessons, none  
Wiser than this—to spend in all things else,  
But of old friends to be most miserly.

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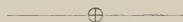
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